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PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (EP. NO. 810)
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ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC. Orchestra; Quartet: Ranger's Song

ANNOUNCER: Here we go to the Pine Cone Ranger District, for another look-in on Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in the National Forests. Throughout a large part of the country this season of the year is what the Rangers call the "fire season," when the forests are dry and fire is an ever present menace. On the highest points in the National Forests lookouts are keeping a constant watch for the first sign of smoke that may rise from the miles and miles of trees surrounding them, and the entire Forest Service organization is on its toes to go after any fires that start.

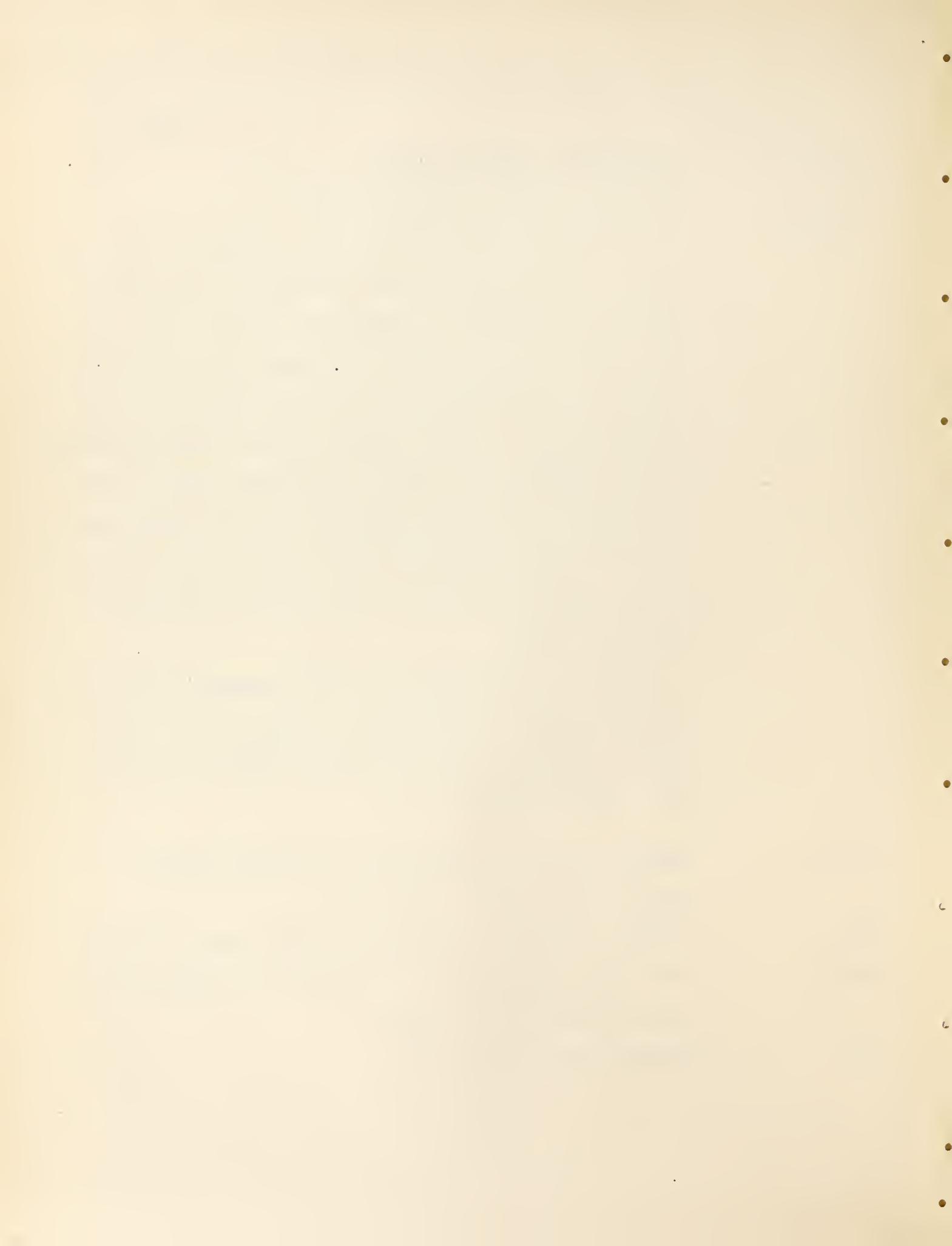
At the Pine Cone Station we find Ranger Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick, his assistant, preparing to send a load of supplies up to the Lookout stations by pack mule. Here they are - - -

JERRY: (FADING IN) Doggone that mule! Get outa there! ---
Get away from there! Beat it!

JIM: (FADING IN) What's the matter, Jerry, having trouble?

JERRY: It's that pesky gray mule of Slim's. He keeps poking his nose into all the packe.

JIM: Why don't you tie him up?



JERRY: Can't get my hands on 'im. The ornery critter keeps just outta reach all the time. Look at the ornery one!

JIM: (LAUGHS) That mule's a natural born practical joker. He acts just like a mischievous boy. Cuttin' up all the time to get somebody to pay attention to 'im.

(CALLING) Hi! Slim! Better tie up this mule of yours before Jerry spansks him.

SLIM: (FADING IN) Okay, Boss. Here, Smokey, come here, boy.

JERRY: Say, Slim, why don't you get rid of that damned mule, like you say you're goin' to? He's more trouble'n he's worth.

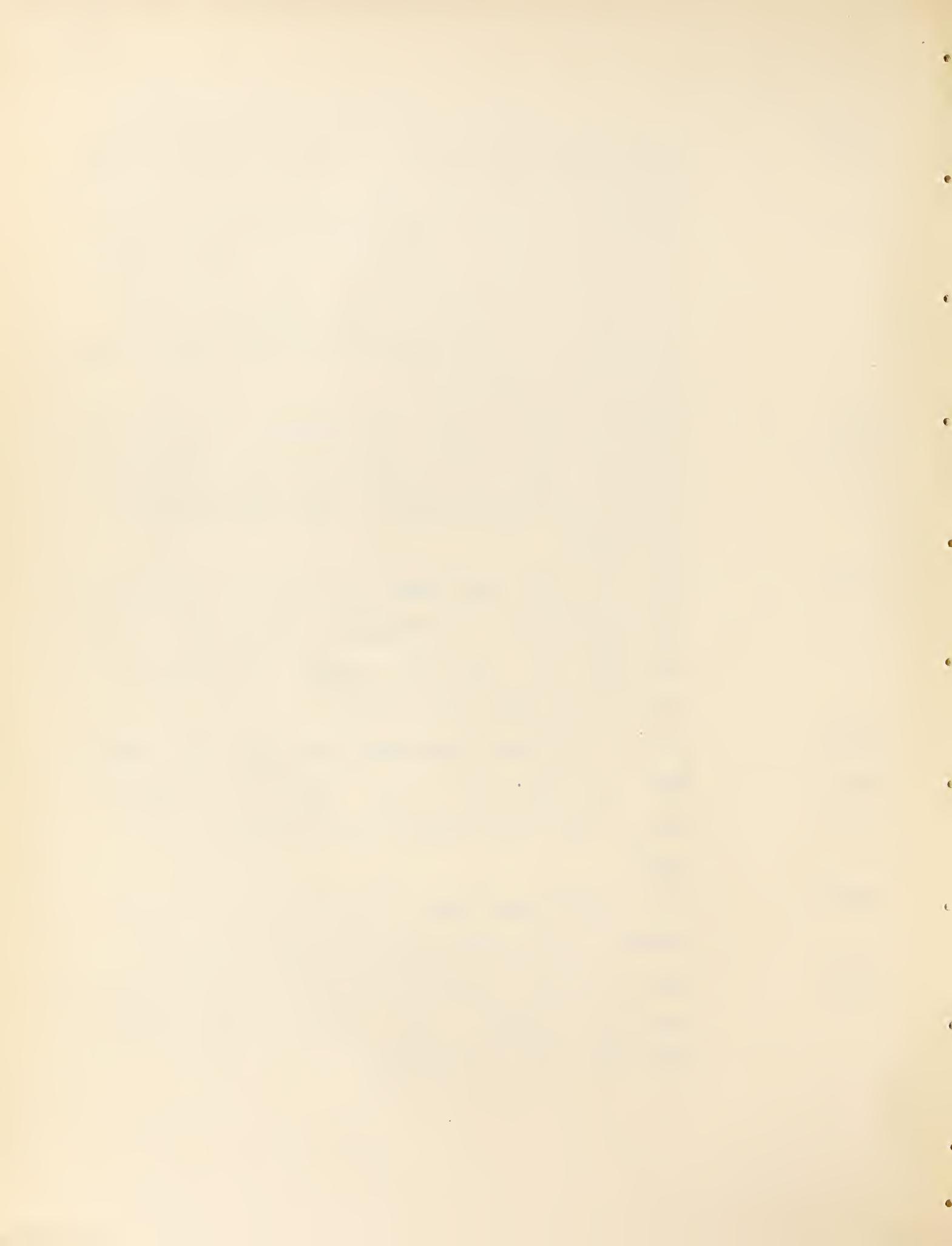
SLIM: Well, I'll tell yuh, Jerry, that mule's so plumb ornery and mean that I -- (CHUCKLES) ---dog-on it, I guess I kinda like 'im. He's more company for me than all the rest of the string put together.

JERRY: I see. You kinda understand each other, eh? (LAUGHS)

SLIM: Well, you might say --- huh? (GETS IT) --- Say-y-y--- Did you check over the list of supplies to go up, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, everything's here. I'll have all the packers loaded as soon as Slim has the mules saddled.

SLIM: Take your time. I gotta catch this here Smokey afore I kin put a saddle on 'im. (FADING) Come, Smokey! Come, boy! Come on, Smokey!



JIM:

(CHUCKLING) They're quite a pair, those two. Here, I'll help you load the panniers.

JERRY:

Have you heard how Dick Hickey's malinging out up there at the lookout station since it got that copperin' of lightning?

JIM:

Yeah. I was talkin' to him when he called in this morning, when you were feedin' the horses. He said he's doin' all right. Buck's a little sore where the cupboard fell on him, but otherwise he's okay.

JERRY:

He was pretty lucky to get out of that mess with no more than a sore back. That bolt of lightning certainly shook up the place.

JIM:

Lightning sure does funny things. Did I ever tell you about old Stoop Grady? He used to be lookout up on Windy Mountain?

JERRY:

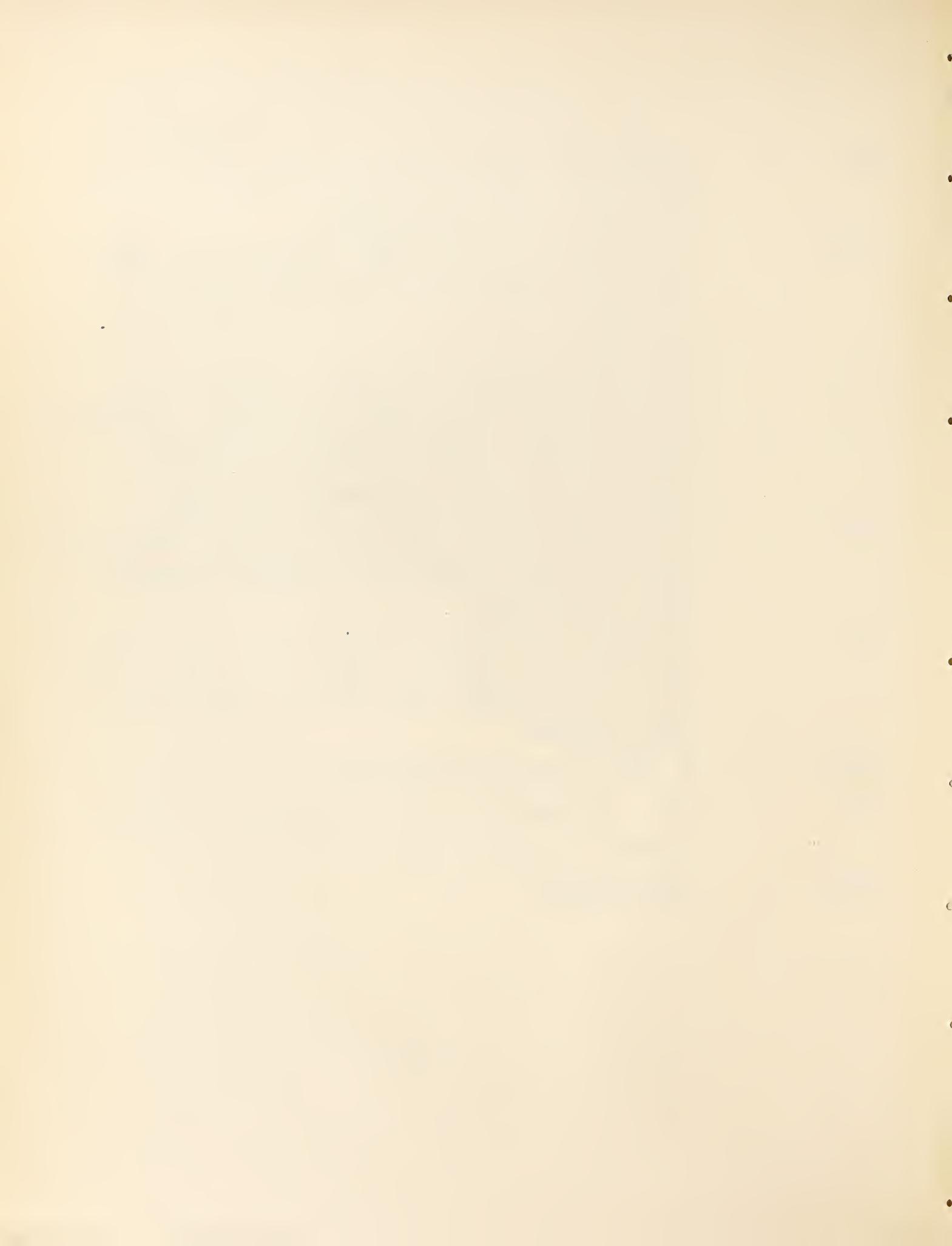
No, did he get hit by lightning?

JIM:

Well, not exactly hit, but he was kind of waylaid at the trick it played on him.

JERRY:

What happened?



JIM:

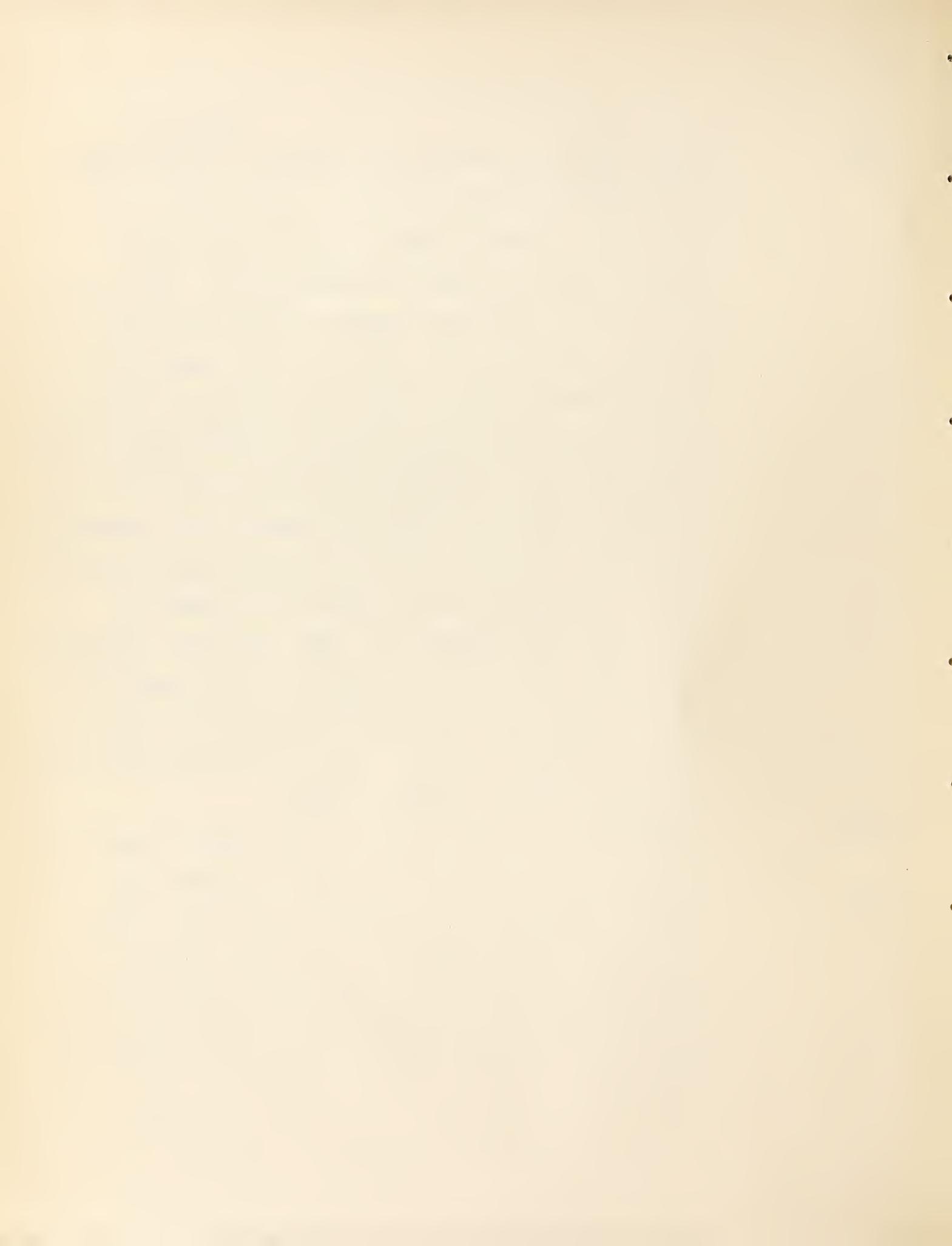
Well, Stoop left his name from the way he walked, kinda bent over us if he was carryin' a sack of grain on his shoulders. He was up tall I guess he felt kinda lonesome bein' up higher'n everybody else. Well, right he was one of the first lookoutts us had around here and he was a good one, too. You know, we've always had trouble gettin' water up there onto Windy Peak, and it's been that way ever since we put the lookout station there. Stoop had to be so careful with water that he'd let his whiskers grow so as to keep from wastin' any. But when it rained, he'd put out all the pots and pans he had to catch the water so he could take all the baths he wanted and shave twice a day. Well, when this particular storm came along, he was so anxious to get a shave that he got himself some rain water and started in right away while it was still rainin'. He had one side of his face all shaved when the lightnin' struck.

JERRY:

(LAUGHING) Oh, I know the rest of it. When he came up, he found the other side of his face was shaved too.

JIM:

(CHUCKLES) There you go, spoiling a good story. But that's what it did, they say, - and more'n that, it shaved him so close on that side that the force of it made the whiskers grow back out again on the other side of his face.



JERRY:

(LAUGHING) That's a good one, all right, Tim. I don't suppose you saw me before his chickens got back to normal, did you?

JIM:

Well, come to think of it, I reckon we can begin loading the packs on while Slim's getting that other mule rigged up.

JERRY:

All right. Which one shall we trouble first, Old Bertha?

JIM:

Yeah, she's a patient old critter -- Let's see -- These packmules look like they'd weigh about even --

JERRY:

These two'll balance, Jim. You don't need to kett 'em. I put the same kind of stuff in both of them -- Come on, here, Bertha! Steady!

JIM:

All right, up she goes!

SOUND:

(DULL THUD OF PACK)

JIM:

Uhh! -- All right, pull up the rope, Jerry

JERRY:

Yep! There you are!

JIM:

Nah, throw on your pack cover -- whoa, there, smile! Nothin' to get excited about -- what?

JERRY:

Comin' over with the lasso rope.

JIM:

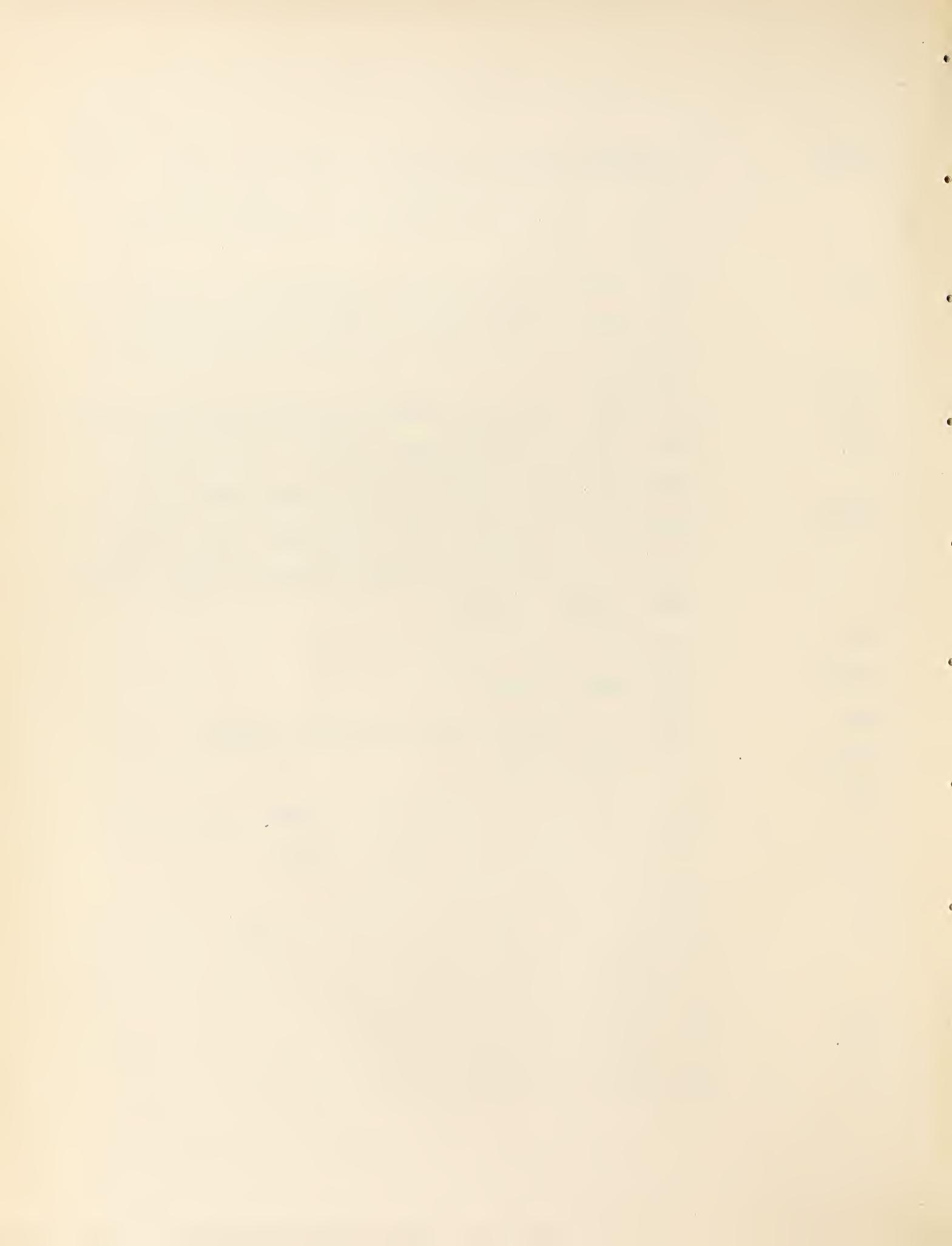
Let her come. Under now! Got it hooked? -- Hey, didn't it hook? -- Who's in the mister -- dreamin' about that part, you're going to tent set?

JERRY:

Oh -- yeah, she's hooked all right, Jim.

JIM:

All right on this side -- Pull away on it.



SLIM: (FADING IN) Gettin' the packs on 'em -- Hoj, that one's too loose. He gotta cinch it up tighter. I kin see 'er saggin' already.

JERRY: (GRIFFED) I guess I'm able to pack a mule by now.

SLIM: Well, she ain't tight enough anyhow. If I gotta lead them string o' mules, they gotta be packed right. I ain't gonna have them loads scattered all over the trail.

JERRY: That load's gonna ride all right

SLIM: She ain't tight enough.

JIM: I reckon we can tighten 'er up a little, Jerry. (CHUCKLES) I guess Slim sorta takes after his mules --

SLIM: Well, maybe I am a wee mite stubborn, myself. But the only way ye kin git along with them mules is to be stubberner'n they are.

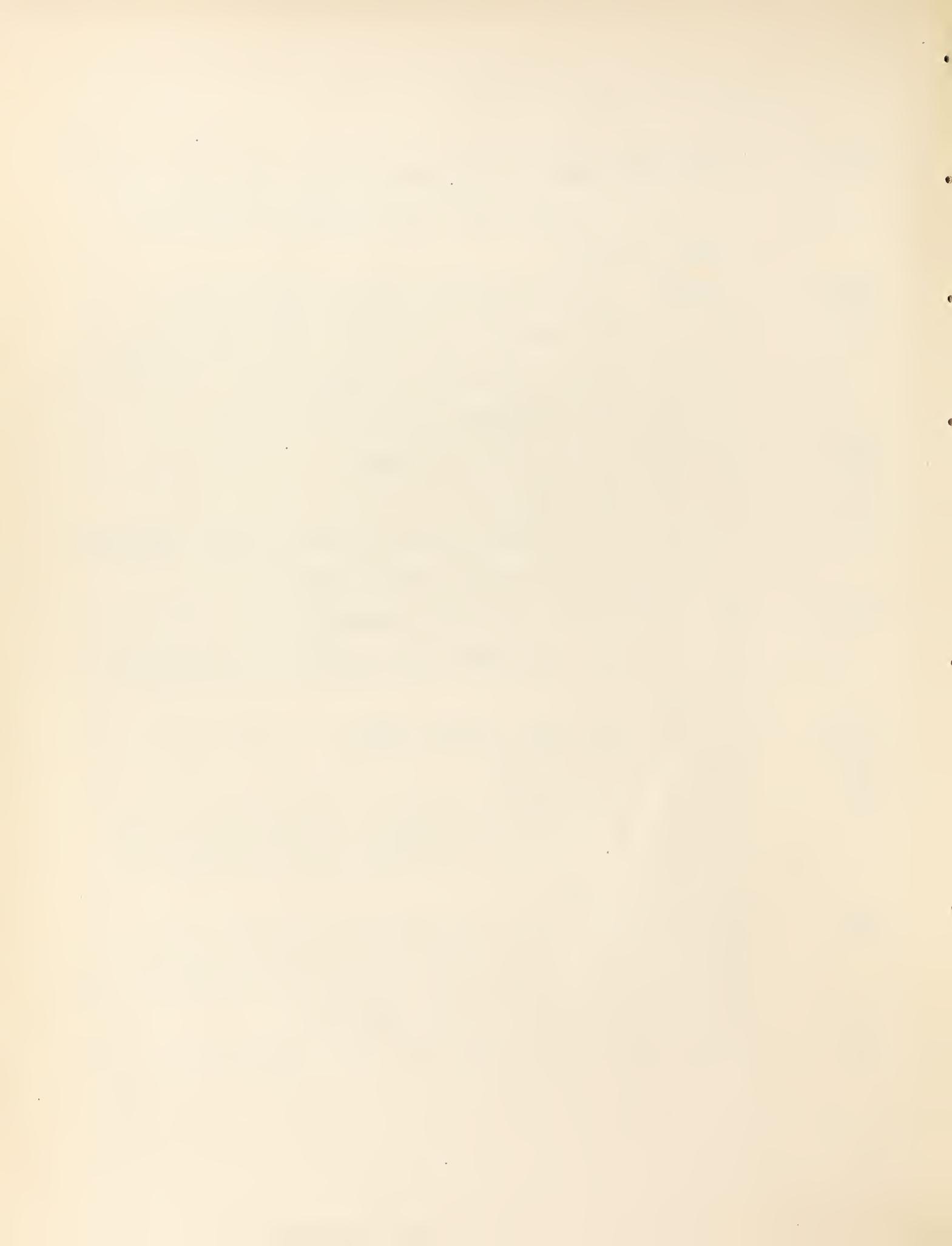
JERRY: There, is that tight enough, Slim?

SLIM: Yeah, it'll do I guess.

JIM: Okay! Now everybody's satisfied. Even the mule. Huh, how about it old girl? She looks like she'd worn that pack all her life.

SLIM: That's Bertha. She's the stiddiest critter I got in the whole string -- Oh, say, Jim, don't let me fergit that mail fer the boys up on the lookout stations.

JIM: I put it over there on that box, Slim, when I came out.



SLIM: I'll put her in my saddle bag, right now. I took off
viscose at one time, and them lookout boys like you used
to clear out the country. I reckon they give loosejaw up
on them mountain slopes.

JIM: Now and then they do all right -- whoo, mule! Here's some
peas, Slim.

SLIM: That enough for you?

JIM: M'nt call it up a little.

JIM: Okay! Hold for no minute, will I hitch on the mope.
Jerry.

JERRY: I got it!

JIM: How's that, Slim?

SLIM: It's pretty fair.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We've gotta have these mules packed just right,
you know.

SLIM: Well, now, maybe that left pack's hangin' just a little
low. I reckon I better draw that hitch up a little tighter.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) All right, Slim.

SLIM: There, that's better.

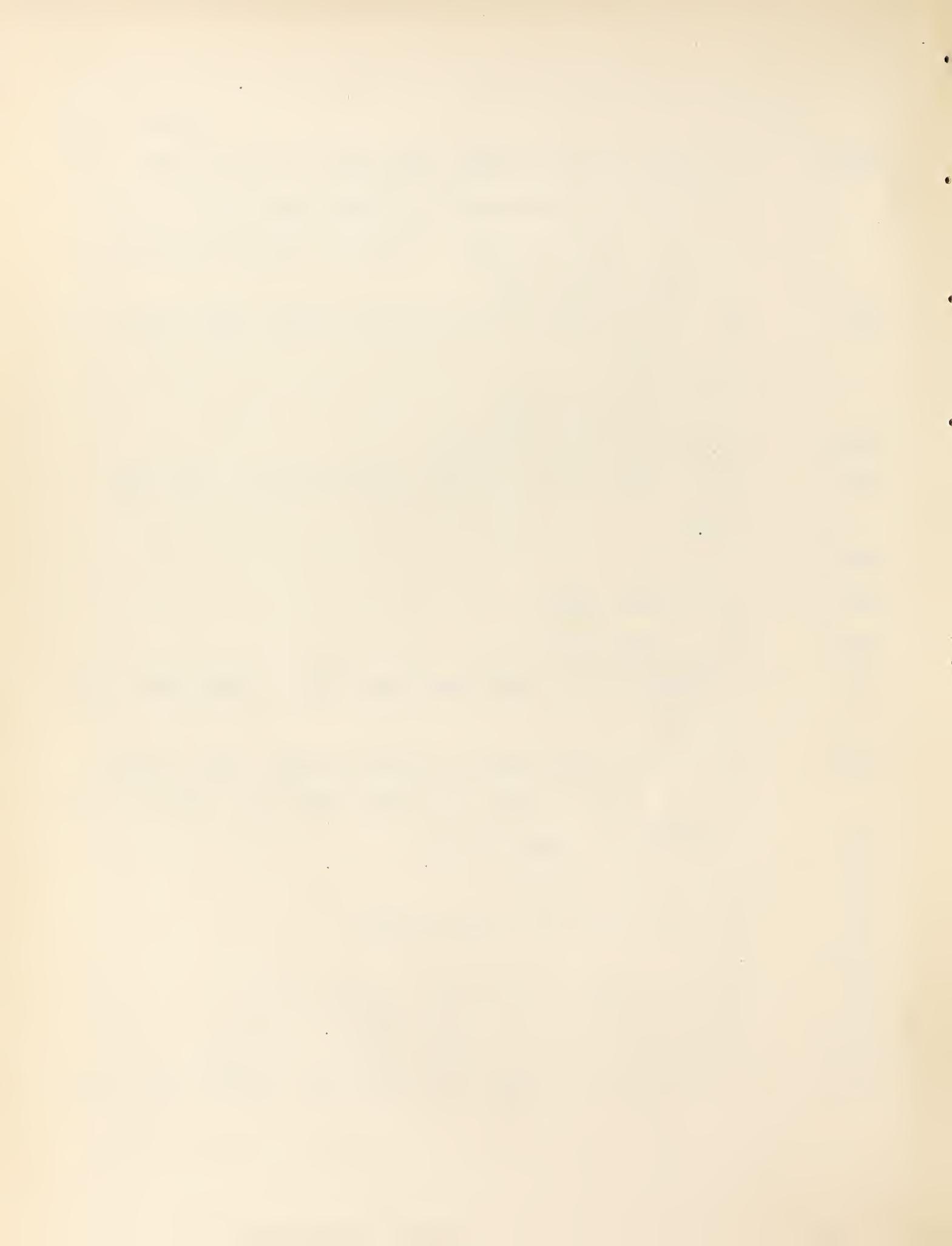
JIM: Got the other mules loaded, Slim?

SLIM: Yep.

JIM: Well, you might as well hit the trail then.

SLIM: Yeah, I'll be ridin' -- Whoa, Belle -- Stiddy!

JERRY: You've got it straight what goes where, haven't you, Slim?



FADE IN

SOUND: Shore. (FADE GRADUALLY) The first two loads goes to Gold Peak and the rest to Windy Mountain. The stuff in the black partitions we took to be disposed off for the trail.

(HOSES -- FADING)

JERRY: Right -- So long, Jim.

JIM: Take care of yourself.

SOUND: (FADE HOOPS)

SATIN: (FADING) Sil'long, boys. I'll be seein' you -- Gaddap, Bell.

JIM: Well, Jerry, let's go into the office and get some of that work done. It's kinda piled up on us. (CHUCKLES) Or are you too het up about that party you and Mary are going to tonight to get any work done?

JERRY: Oh no, not that bad. But I am keen about going to that party tonight at that. It's going to be the biggest they've ever had at the hotel.

JIM: Yer, so they say. -- But to set down to earth, -- how are you makin' the rap for the WILDER special inc permit?

(FADING A BIT) You'll find the order of the survey in my field book.

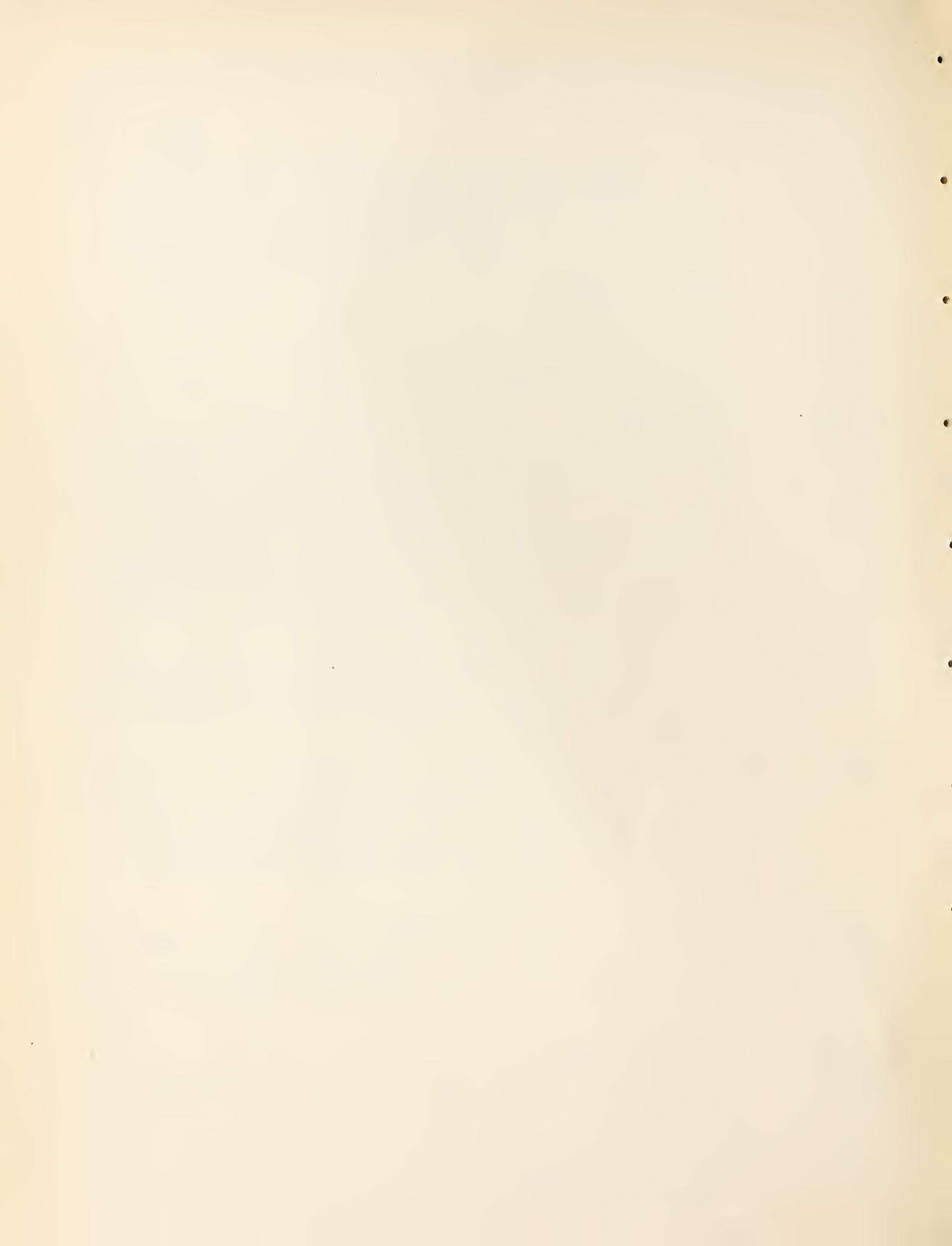
JERRY: (FADING A BIT) Okay, Jim. Shall I type up the report, too?

JIM: Yeah, if you will. -- Say, this screen door needs a coat of paint.

SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: I can do that tomorrow, Jim, if we get this office nice cleaned up.

SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR CLOSES)



JIM: (FADING IN) We'll do that. It's a good thing I've got you to run that typewriter. I never could make one of those pesky things spell right.

JERRY: (FADING IN) (LAUGHS) We oughta have a stenographer for this station.

BESS: (FADING IN) Who's this that's going to get a stenographer?

JIM: Jerry was saying maybe I oughta have one to help me with the office work here.

BESS: It would suit me fine if she'd be responsible for gettin' you two men to the table on time.

(THEY LAUGH)

BESS: Mary's coming up some time today, Jerry. She wants me to help her put the finishing touches on her new dress for the party tonight.

JERRY: Is she? -- Gee, she got a new dress and everything for the party?

BESS: Yes, she's all excited about it.

JERRY: It's gonna be a swell affair, all right. Some of the guests at the summer hotel are stayin' over a day just to get in on it.

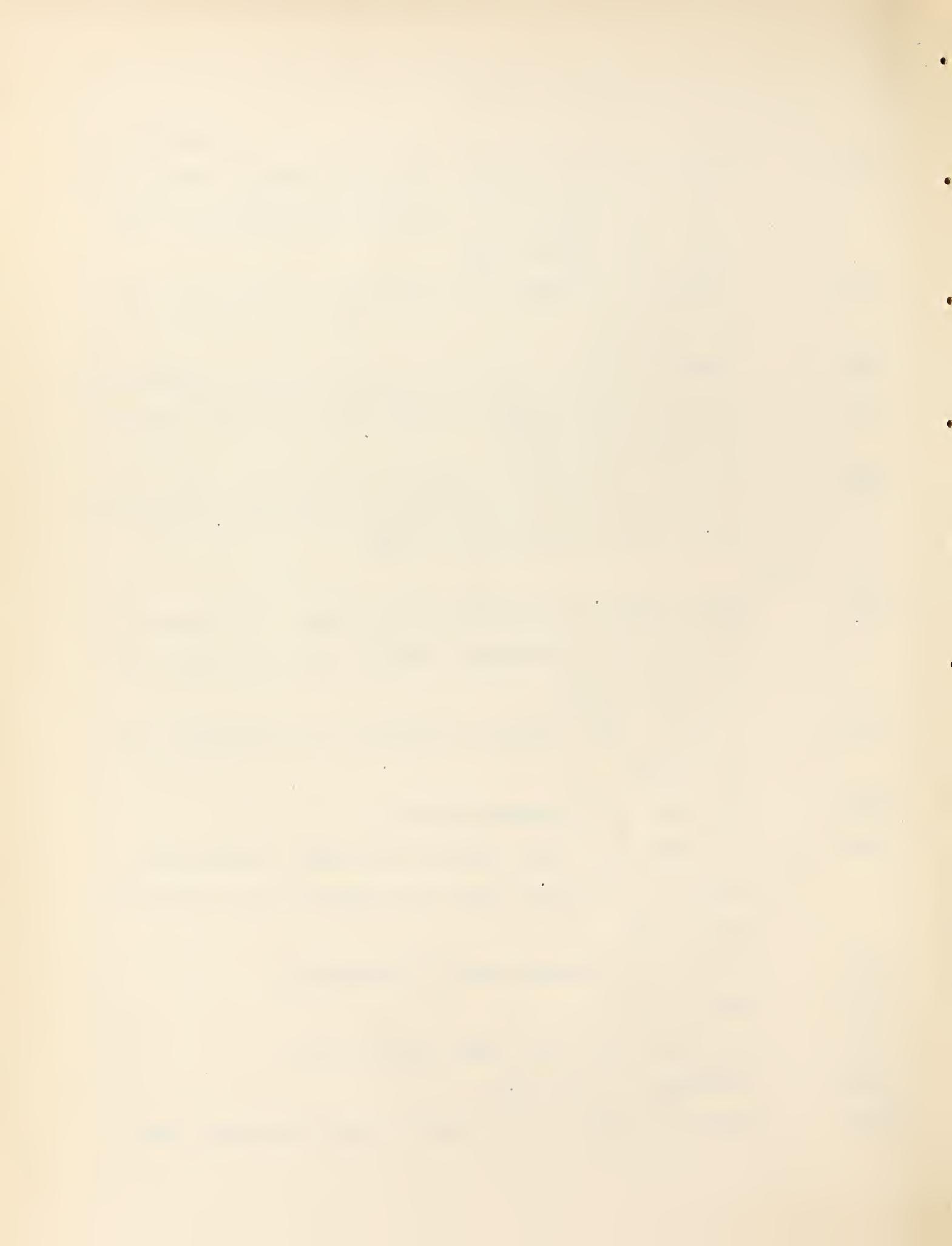
JIM: I hear they're gonna have two orchestras.

JERRY: That's right.

JIM: How come? Won't one make enough noise?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I guess not.

BESS: You'll be mighty proud of Mary in her new dress, Jerry.



JERRY: I'd be proud of her if she wore an apron -- sat, sitting, I'm not gonna look so hot. I haven't had a new suit for a long time.

JIM: I guess Mary's smart enough to know it takes more'n a new suit to make a man.

JERRY: But I wanna look as well as --

MARY: (DISTANCE) Hello, everybody!

SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

JERRY: Hello, Mary. Mrs. Robbins just told me you were coming up today.

MARY: Yes, I brought my dress along to have her help me with it

BESS: My goodness, and you've got your hair fixed a new way, too

MARY: (PLEASSED) Just for this occasion

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Jerry hasn't been over a house around here for the last couple of days. You'd think he'd never been to a party before in his life.

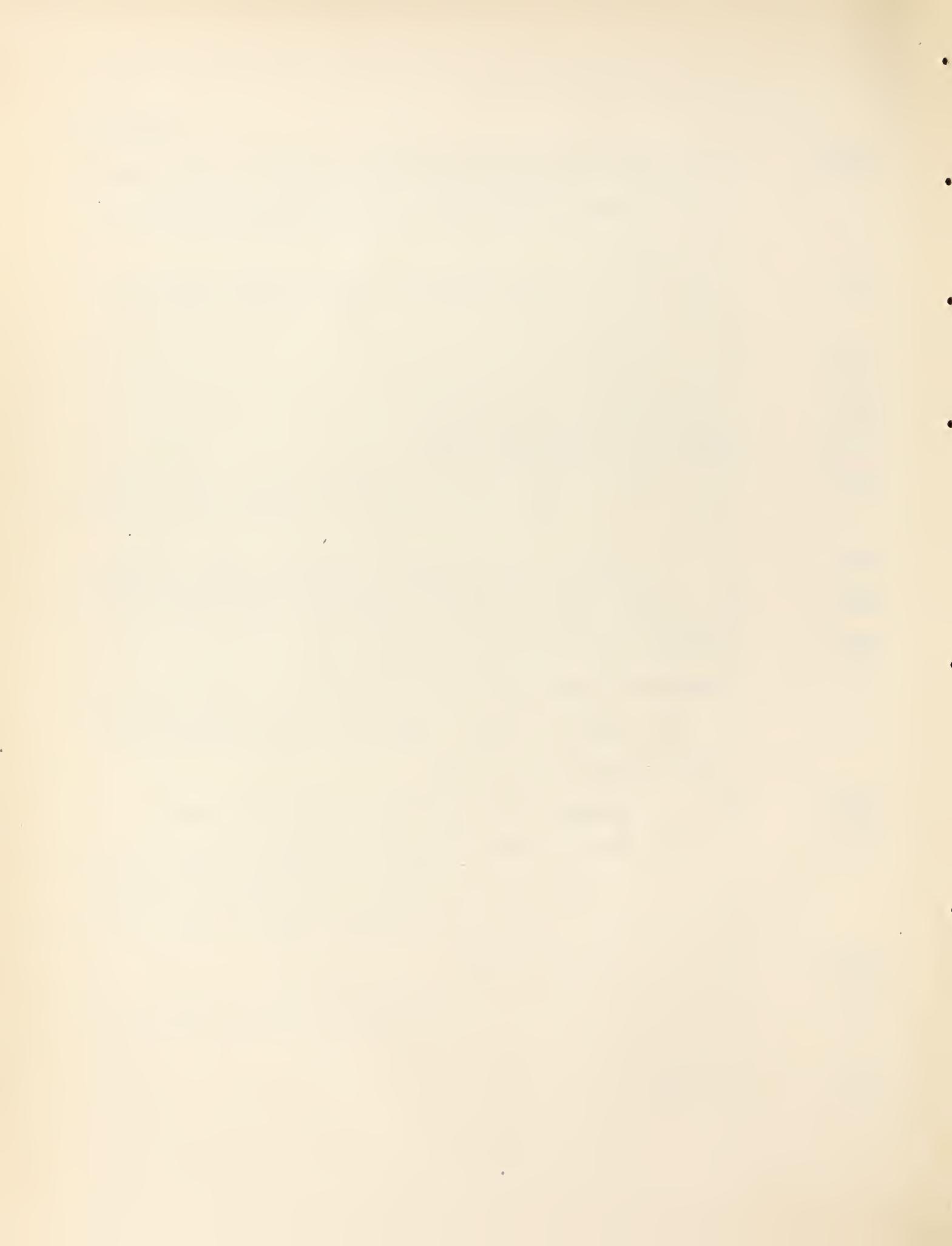
JERRY: Well, we haven't been to anything for a long time.

BESS: No, they haven't, Jim. Young folks ought to get a chance to have a good time once in a while. -- You should see Mary's new dress, Jim. It's the prettiest thing I think I ever saw.

JERRY: Gee, I'd like to see it.

BESS: Why don't you put it on and show them, Mary, before I start working on it?

ALICE: I'd love to.



BESSIE: (FADING) Come along with me then. We'll be along in a
jiffy.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Man, sure has her heart set on this party,
hasn't she?

JERRY: Yeah, she hasn't been to a big bad time like this for a long
time, I guess.

JIM: I reckon it'll be a kind of a treat for you, too, son.
Rangers don't have much of a chance to go trippin' around.

JERRY: Gosh, I wish I had a better looking suit. I should have
thought of it before this. -- Foggone it, I hope it won't
spoil Mary's good time because --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Don't you worry about Mary not havin' a good
time. A woman wearin' a new dress don't need any more good
time than having somebody tell her she's lookin' like a
million dollars.

JERRY: That won't be hard to tell Mary.

JIM: Nope, it won't, at that.

JERRY: Say, Jim. Look out the window. That looks like a thunder
storm coming up.

JIM: It is kinda black over there the other side of the range.

JERRY: I hope it doesn't rain and spoil the party.

JIM: It looks more like a dry storm to me -- lightning storm.

JERRY: Yeah, it does.



JIM: That's the worst thing that could happen to us right now, with the woods so dry. A lightning storm can start as many as a hundred or more separate fires, sometimes.

JERRY: And you can't tell where they might pop up.

JIM: Nope -- Hm -- if that storm's comin' this way, we'll need every man we can get.

JERRY: Shall I tell Johnnie to stand by with the fire truck?

JIM: No, those clouds are too far away to be able to tell much. We'll wait a few minutes anyway. --- Well, well, will you look at this, Jerry?

MARY: (FADING IN) Do you like it?

JERRY: Gee, Mary, that's the grandest looking dress I ever saw.

BESS: Isn't it beautiful??

JIM: Pretty as a picture. You look just like Bess used to look at your age, Mary.

BESS: Oh, stop it, Jim.

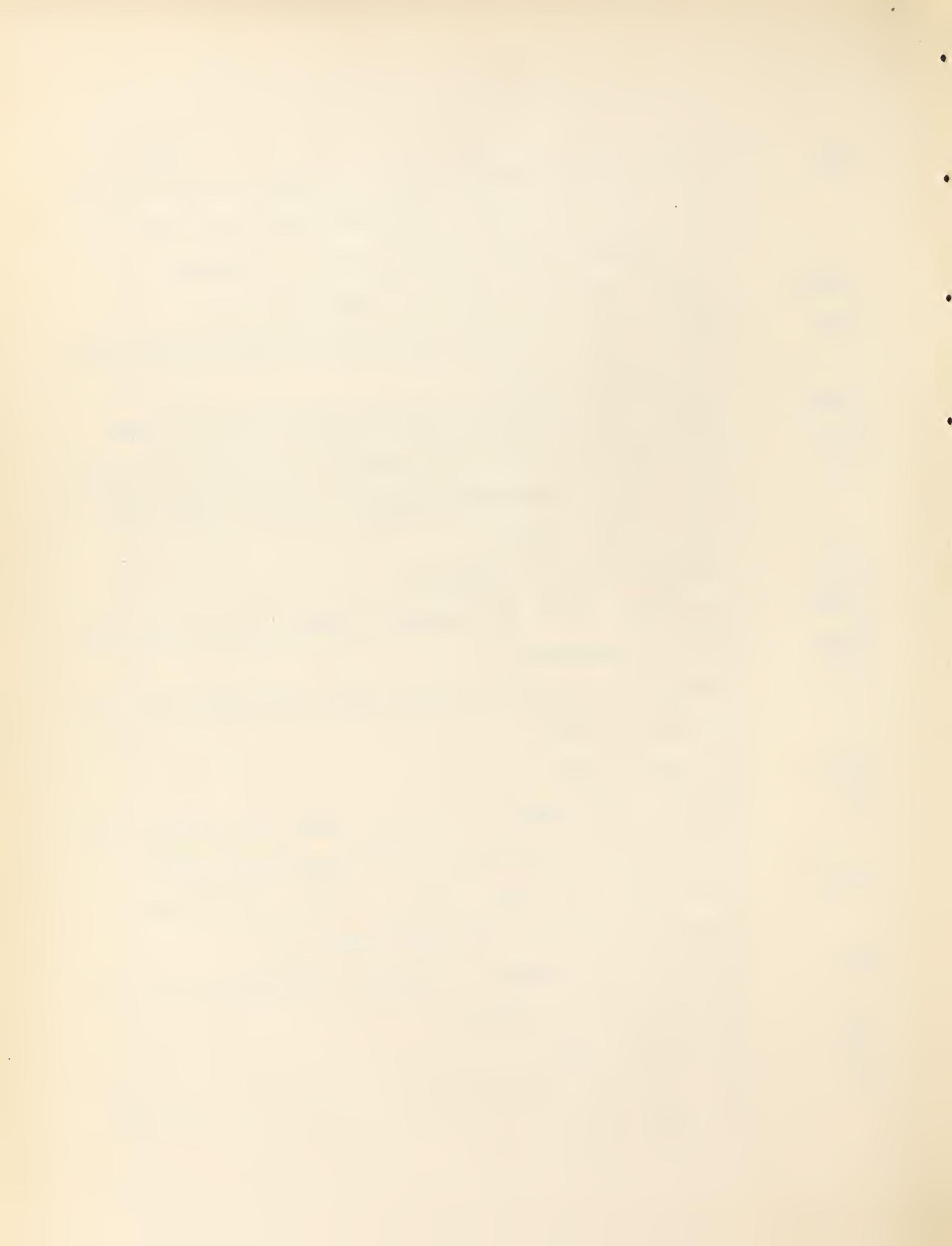
JIM: You'll be the belle of the party, Mary. I'm afraid you'll be so popular that Jerry'll get to be a wall flower.

JERRY: Golly, Mary, it's sure pretty. I hope you won't be ashamed of me in my year-before-last suit.

MARY: Don't be silly, Jerry. I wouldn't be ashamed of you if you went in your overalls.

JERRY: Gee, thanks, Mary.

JIM: Hm. -- Looks like that storm's coming over the ridge this way, Jerry.



MUSIC: TRAIL (SOMETHING SUGGESTING STORM) FADE DOWN FOR:

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JIM: Hello -- fire on Windy Mountain? -- Mac reading -- 42 degrees -- all right. Report back on it in fifteen minutes. Will you? --

MUSIC UP - FADE DOWN FOR:

VOICE: Ready boys? Let's go!

SOUND: Motor truck - Siren

MUSIC UP - FADE DOWN FOR:

SOUND: Phone rings

JIM: Hello - yeah. Another fire? -- Spring Creek Canyon? -- What's the reading?

MUSIC UP - ends

JERRY: (FADING IN) Hi, Jim.

JIM: Hello. Back already, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. I left a couple of the boys to mop up on the Spring Creek fire. We got 'er stopped all right.

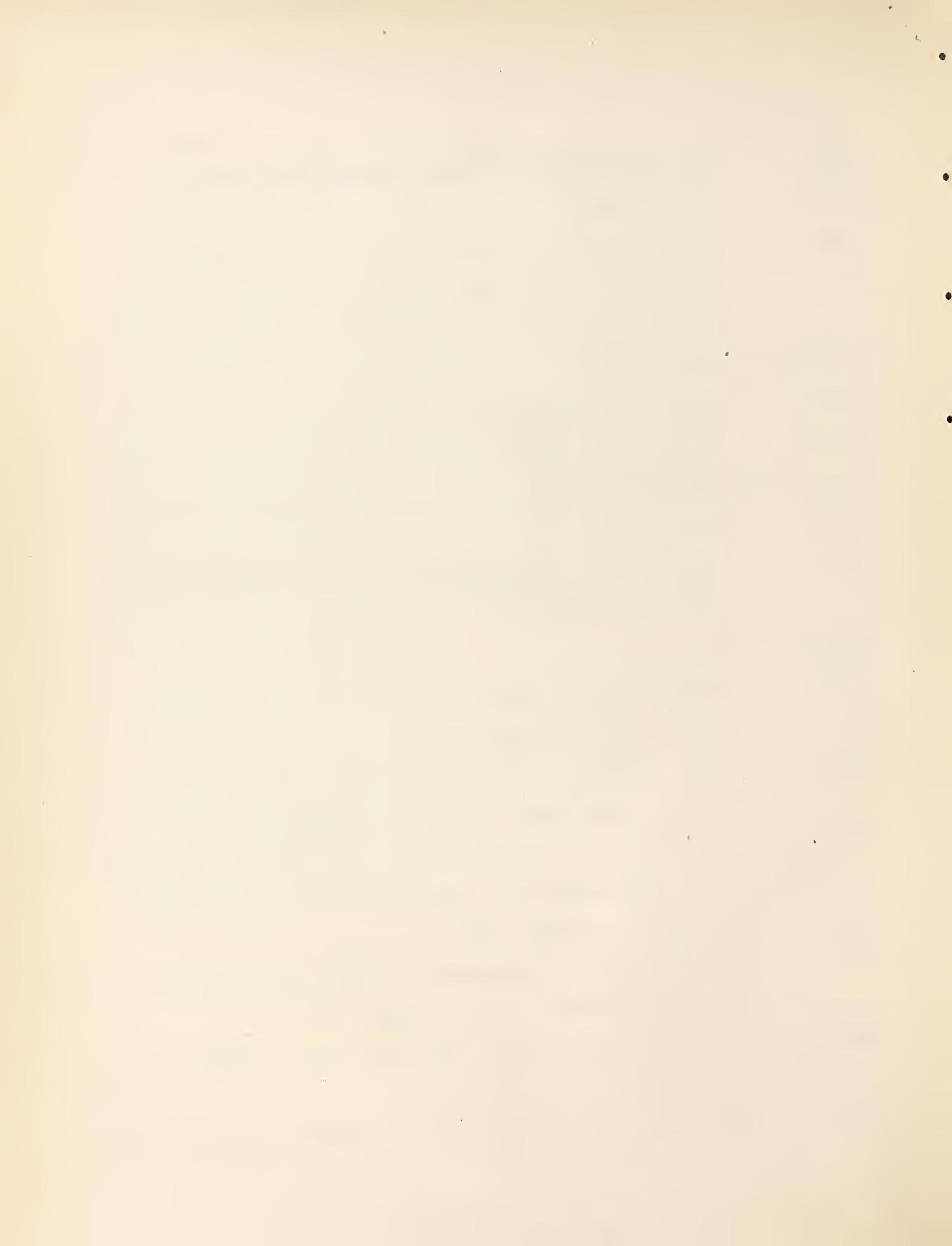
JIM: That's all of 'em then, Jerry. Ernie Knight just reported in on Windy Mountain. Says they've got 'er corralled.

JERRY: How many were there, Jim?

JIM: Fourteen fires that lightning storm started on our district, Jerry. We've got 'em all stopped now.

JERRY: Gee, I'm glad of that. I'm sure tired. -- What time is it, anyhow?

JIM: 'Bout 4 a.m., I reckon. It'll be daylight pretty quick.



JERRY: *Yeah (Laughs)*

MARY: *(COMING UP) Oh, you're here, Jerry!*

JERRY: *(SLEEPY) Yeah, I got out early. Mrs. Holmes — (SIDE GLANCE)*
Sis, what's her — name, and you still here, Mary?

MARY: *(COMING UP) Yes, Jerry. I've been helping up the trees*
and putting them up. She makes a first rate Christmas tree.

JERRY: *But, you've still got your new executive office on. How-*
ever, she's been taking dinner calls and talking with me
all night.

JERRY: *Well — we never got to the party, did we, Mary?*

MARY: *No, Jerry.*

JIM: *I'm sorry about Tom. He and Jerry used to live so*
so closely with you in the past, Mrs.

MARY: *Well, it's just you Jerry, Mr. Holmes. I understand*
nothing of business and no one in the office has had any. And Tom
knows nothing about business as you're doing him.

JIM: *I know very little about business, Mrs. Holmes. I don't*

MARY: *(CUTTING OFF)*

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